MERICO.

Herald Special Report Via Havana.

The Troubles in the Republic Commencing

Meeting of the Regular Session of Congress-The Scheme of Minister Romero-Juarez Gaining Ground-Impeachment of Ministers.

TECEBRAMS TO THE NEW YORK HERALD.

VIA HAVANA, April 17, 1871.

There has been a pronunciamiento in the State of Sinaloa in favor of Piacido Vega and Garcia Cardena by part of the federal troops in that section. The Secretary of War asks for an extra appropriation of one hundred and Bity thousand dollars to suppress the movement, and troops have been sent from Darango and elsewhere to act against those in revolt.

The disturbances in Guerrero and Jalisco still continue. New disorders have occurred in Morelia, Governor Leyra having imprisoned two of the Legislature for an attempt to assasshate Colonel Campuzano. O hers of the Legislature have arrived at the capital to ask of Juarez their rights and to maintain

Some federal troops deserted in Guerrero and passed into Michoncan to revolutionize that

Young Reynoso, a member of a good family of Mexico city, who kidnapped a child of four years of age in Tacubava, has been caught, and tried and shot in the public square. Sultimental, an anti-capital punishment Congressman, asked Juarez to pardon him, but the President stood firm for execution.

A law project has been presented to Conpress by the Executive for the consolidation of the English debt into new per cents. The project is pending.

The Fress of Mexico on the Presidential Candidates-General Sauchez Ochoa Appointed Minister to Washington-Sickness in Durango-Attempted Assassination-Meeting of Congress.

Martin Carrera, ex-President of Mexico, is dead. Fifty-two of the public journals advocate the re

election of President Junez, forty favor Porfirio Diaz, and ten have pronounced for Tejada. General Sanchez Ochoa has been appointed Mints ter to Washington.

Malignant croup and measles have become entdemic in Durango. The deaths from these diseases

average thirty a day. Morales has caused fresh trouble there. The chief of the hand of assassins, it is believed, was hired by two members of the Legislature, Cuadra and

Robelo. Both have been arrested.

The government proposes to introduce reforms in the laws which shall be applicable to all the States of the republic. Among the changes to be made to one that it considers especially additionable that within church buildings the avil authorities shall be powerless, while asside of their churches the clergy shall be availed be powerless.

The regular session of the national Congress began on the ist of the month. Senor Hernandez, President of the Chamber, in his opening speech, aliaded to the fears expressed by many of direct intervention by some officious agents of foreign Powers in the coming election for President, and to muttered threats heard everywhere of retusal to accept the deciation of the people at the polis. He deprecated such expressions as foreboding evid-to the country.

Municipe Romero has Sabmitted to Congress a scheme for the consolidation of the national debt at a rate of interest beginning with half of one per cont per annum and increasing haif of one per cent semi-annually until it reaches three per cent. He says the debt of Mexico is domestic, not foreign; its loreign creditors are merely private parties. Mexico has never contracted a public loan. This plan, like others which have been proposed by Romero, is considered impracticable, and he will hardly be able to carry it through Congress.
The extra session of Congress was barren of re-

Innex is gaining ground in his campaign for the Presidency for another term. He proposes that the election of President in future be direct by the people and not through an electoral college, as at pre-

ing to bring Mexico under the American Gag.

Romero, Minister of Finance; Mejia, Minister of War; Balcarcel, Minister of the Interior, and Sanvedra, Minister of Justice, have been impeached and will be tried before the Sapreme Court. The condemnation of the Ministers is considered certaun, as the Supreme Court, over which Fijado, himself a candidate for President in opposition to Juarez, presides, is regarded as strongly partisan. Many things not done under the law, it is said, can also be proved against them.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION OF BASOXLYH, E. D. A business meeting of the above association was held last evening, Brother Acheson in the chair, for the purpose of electing a President and revising

Ex-Alderman W. W. Armfield, a plous politician. who had been previously elected President by the Board of Managers, deceined to serve because he believed that he was fliegally elected by that body. When nominated by the Association at large last evening he declined the nomination, saying that he did not believe that his election would conduce to the best interests of the association, as it was not at present animated with the spirit of him whose name they bore.

The election for President was then postnoned and who had been previously elected President by the

they bore, election for President was then postponed and ing discussion took place on the new constituof the association, e rumor that the funds of this association have intempropriated is unfounded; but the mannent lately has not been altogether praiseity.

HOMICIDE III ST. LOUIS.

St. Louis, Mo., April 17, 1871. This evening William H. Grey, a wealthy merchant, was struck by a cart rung in the hands of John Tracy, with whom he was quarrelling, and sled from its effects in two hours.

EUROPEAN MARKETS.

20 P. M.—Cotton closed dail and earler. Myletime primars, but; melding Oceans, 75d. The sales of the day foot up, cold mare, lactuage 1,50d for export and preculation. The solidon slip-actic from Bornbay since the last rejors to including the cold base.

Liven of Provincias Market, Livenca, April 1—150 P. M.—Land, 4a, per cw. Bacca—Cumbernard cut.

LIVERPOOL PROPUCE MARREY.—LIVERPOOL April 17— verling—Reined persoeuth, 17d. Limssed oil, 20% a 254. Libs now Propuler Mainter.—Loudoux, April 17—459 P. —Tallow, 35s. 6d. Calcutta Hanced, 55s. 6d. Clover seed, 5 a 55s. Promotices Marker. - Answers, April 17. - Petroleum,

menced the investigation of the case of Geo. W. Navy, of the firm of Penniman & Wight, hardware dealers, No. 28 Cliff street, who, as stated in yester-day's HERALD, is charged with having set fire to the above named premises on Saturday night last. The first witness examined was Chief Engineer Perley, who testified as to the condition of the premises when he arrived, which sounded; but as his statement appeared in these columns yesterday morning it is now omitted.

George Patterson, a private watchman, next testified that he tried the door of the premises several times during the night, and the last time about ten minutes before the fire was discovered, and that

occupying the premises, swore that he was and is employed as cierk by the firm in question, and that he has always been in the habit of taking the stock book home with him, and did not make the night of the fire an exception. He further stated that Mr. Navy, up to within a week past, has always been accustomed to quit the premises with him about half-past five o'clock, but since and during that time he has stayed behind under the plea of writing up the books.

and remained indoors the remainder of the night. George McGlodis, foreman of No. 32 engine, testified that he was the first one to reach the building after the alarm had been given; that he and the assistant foreman kicked the panel of the door in, when the latter crawled inside to open the doors, which were two in number and of the folding description. After removing the bolt at the top and bottom of one of them McGlodin attempted to push the doors in, when it was discovered that there was still another boit running across both of them. This boit, the foreman swore, could not possibly have been shot across the door save by some one inside of the building. If such is the fact the case is certainly one shrouded in a vast deal of mystery; for, with the exception of the front door, there is no possible means of egress save through the coal hole on the sidewalk, unless a man chooses to jump out of the third story windows, which would certainly be a very undignified way of quitting one's place of business.

MAILS FOR EUROPE.

The steamship Cimbria will leave this port on

Single copies, in wrappers for mailing, six cents.

Haunted by a Dwarf.

CHAPTER I.

THE STRANGE BEAUTY.

Night was coming down upon the city of Havana, which I had just left, and I was dashing along the country road on my good horse, Nox. I was well armed with sword and revolvers, and also carried a flask of brandy, which my adopted oncie, Don Miguel, had given me for any emergency which might arise on my perilous journey. And a very perilous journey it was. The country was in a state of msurrection, and I was going, at my uncle's request, to the further end of the Island, to bring to him his mece, who was then hiving on a plantation surrounded by the rebeis.

I had never seen this young woman for whom I was now taking this dangerous trip. And now, for the first time, as I rode along through the seductive softness of this tropical night, I wondered what the girl, for whom I rode, was like.

"If I could feel the utter devotion I have read about," I thought, "I could give my hie giadly; but..."

Nox swerved suddenly aside. Investmatarily I put

come for nothing. She must have left long ago,"
Even as I spoke, in the splendid farewet glow of
the Occident, in the rich light that beautified everything, I saw a figure of a woman waik from an arbor a few ross at the right of the house-waik
slowly, her head turned from me as she looked at
the sunset. Tall she was, and larger than the sleader northern women I had seen so much of late
years; but lithe her movements were, as those of a
leopard, and with more of grace than words of
mine can tell.
Involuntarily I caused Nox to stop, and there I

leopard, and with more of grace than words of mine can tell.

Involuntarily I caused Nox to stop, and there I sat tooking at her. She paused when she came within the shade cast by the house. She turned her head toward me, and then I rode on and dismounted a few yards from her. I flung the bridle over the neck of Nox, knowing he would stand, and advanced toward the lady, where she stood leaning against the tall stump of a tree.

"I am come from Don Miguel de Avielez; but I am uncertain whether this can be the place of my destination."

destination."

"This is the old Herrera plantation." she said, speaking pure Spanish, while I had spoken the island Spanish.

"Don Miguel sent you for his nlece?" she asked.

ilcca."

I had not hoped for that. My pulses bounded as I thought that this was the girl confided to my care. And i felt, strangely for me, a kind of diffidence. I took the hand, while I replied:—

"I don't know why I did not imagine you were the lady. How long have you been in this lonely place."

"Who is with you nere"
"No one."
"Good God!" I exclamed; "you are not absolutely alone? The servants."
"They all ran of a week ago, when there was an alarm of an attack.
"And you have been here alone since then?"
"Tes."
She smiled at my alarmed face, and continued:—
"Tes."

She smiled at my alarmed face, and continued:

"I might as well be alone as to be surrounded by a set of servants whom I had to soothe at every unusual sound. I see that one of them has done me a favor. He succeeded in reaching Don Miguel, or you would not be here."

"Tes; I started immediately after we read the note. My only repet is that you have suffered so."

These words sound so commonplace when recorded. I uttered them then, with a new emoflow beating its first throos in my heart.

My voice had hardly ceased when she suddenly moved hearer me, and put her hand on my arm, whispering:

"Hush! Look at your horse! Something is the matter?"

had been torn away—everything had been taken from the piace.

"Is there no room in the house that can be barricaded in any way?" I asked.

"The one above this is most desirable as a place to be defended," she said.

"Let us go," I said, hurriedly, for now I could hear the tramp of horses' feet.

I looked at her. There was a slight flush on her face, and an intense, bright justre in her eyes, so different from the languid brilliance that I knew might be there.

She went up the stairs, and I followed, after having fastened the horses securely and did what I could toward fastening the windows.

I felt as if I had drank some highly exhibarating wine, so strong was the excitement upon me. When I reached the little room where Boadic'd awaited me I found that she had put up the shuilers, and was now peering through an opening in one of them.

and was now peering through an opening in one of them.

The room was utterly dark, save the dim light that came through the interstices like that through which she was looking.

I stood still a minute until my eyes should become accustomed to the darkness. In that gloom I suddenly felt her hand label lightly upon mine, and she said, in a voice that revealed something of the excitement that was upon her also:—

"They are in sight! There are a dozen of them, if not more! Are your pistols ready? Are you a good shot?"

"They say I am a good shot," I answered, thankfully, unable to resist laying my hand over hers for an instant. "You are impetuous; you have pistols, also; let me caution you not to fire too quickly. Every shot must tell, or we are lost!"

I said. pistols, also; let me caution you not to fire too quickly. Every shot must tell, or we are lost!" I said. "You do not know me. I can be cool as the

dinkily. Every snot must tell, or we are lost? I said.

"You do not know me. I can be cool as the snow."

Her voice sounded calm enough now. I heard the click of her pistol as she held it up to the light.

A moment after she said:—

"There's nothing I really fear now but that they will dre the building. It has been tried three times since the insurrection began, and each time a heavy shower has extinguished the flames. They have become supersitious about it."

"In that case we will fight our way through," I said, more coolly than I feit.

I could see her eyes gleam through the darkness.
"Yes, we will fight!" she exclaimed. "But the horses! We cannot leave them to such a fate!"

"We must first await our fate," I responded.
I was kneeling by the shutter and looking out. As the trees were all cleared from the grounds in that direction I could see the dim figures moving about. Five or six of the men had dismounted and were talking together, and I could see them looking toward the house and gesticulating earnestly.

As I looked I was suddenly conscious of a light within the room. I turned, and saw that my companion had kindled a small wax candle, which she shaded heavily, placing it in a corner of the room.

"They cannot see it," she said, in explanation: "and we must have some light by which to load our pistols. What are they doing?"

"Nothing but talking. Perhaps, after all, they will only encamp awhile in some of the lower rooms. If we are quiet we may not be disturbed."

"You do not know them," was the answer.

And I saw the smooth brow wrinkle itself into a frown, and the mouth grow stern and set.

Just then a long, shrill neigh sounded on the air—the voice of Nox. I started and uttered a violent exclamation,

Boadleea was now standing close to me, and by

the voice of Nox. I stated and uttered a violent exclamation,
Boadicea was now standing close to me, and by the flickering light I saw her bosom heave rapidly, though her face was calm and pale.
"Now we know they will explore the house," she whispered. "The sooner the better! This expectation weakens me."
She did not look weak. As for me, I felt the strength of a dozen men in me. Had I not this woman to defend—this woman whom I had never seen until to-night, yet whom I could never forget.
Again I looked out. They were no longer talking. They had all dismounted, and were coming toward the house, yet cautiously, as if fearing an ambushed fire.

the house, yet caunously, as a tentre of the fire.

The drawing room where the horses were, was on the ground floor. I knew too well that if they were taken, there was hardly a chance that we could ever reach the city on foot, beneath a burning sun, so many miles away.

"Can they be brought up the stairs?" I asked, ab-

"Can they be brought up the stairs?" I asked, abruptly.

"I believe so. But is there time?"

There was anxiety in her voice, but she did not try to dissuade me. The next minute I was down the stairs, while see stood guard above.

The starlight and the brilliant heavens made the long drawing room quite light when I reached it. I had no time to hesitate. If the horses held back any I could not save them.

I took Nox by his brille, for he was the strongest, and if only one could be saved he best could carry double. The spiendid fellow seemed to know it all. He climbed the stars as carefully as if he really understood the words I murnured to him.

Boadicea dared not leave her post; but she signified, by a gesture, how thankful she was these may succeeded thus far.

In another moment I was down again. This time, as I reached the last, state, a thought I saw a figure within a few 'cet' of the window. But I dared not pause. We stid a shadow?

In another moment I was down again. This time, as I reached the last opais. I thought I saw a figure within a few test of the window. But I dared not pause. We at a shadow?

MF our was over the neck of the white mare. She had walked two or three steps with me when the report of a pistol from the room above sounded sharp on the still air. I fooked toward the low window just in time to soe a form stagger away from it, and I heard a fainthoon, as of one who had received a terrible wound.

Not a minute more before I was up stairs, and both horses were with us.

The girl came to me with wide dilated eyes.

"You are not hurt?" she exclaimed under her breath.

"Thanks to you—no?" I said, fervently.

"I saw him am at you—I almost thought he fired at the same moment I did," she said, and she shivered as she spoke.

There was no time for more words. I fastened the horses and we both stationed ourselves at the windows, neither speaking, our eyes strained down upon the yard below.

I noticed that the shutter where she knelt swung loosely. It was fast when I went down stairs.

"You have opened the shutter?" I whispered.

"I was obliged to lean out to fire on that man," was the reply.

was the reply.

"How reckless! how horribly careless!" I exclaimed. "For God's sake don't expose your life like that again!"

She made an imperious gesture, but said nothing. Evidently, from the silence outside, the party were considering whether or not the house was garrisoned by a force that could defend it: but common sense must have cold them that, in this lonely place, of no military account, the government troops would not be stationed, and as evidently they were confounded at finding any one in a place they had deemed entirely deserted.

The minutes passed thus—ten minutes, which seemed hours.

The limites passed this—ten limites, which seemed hours.

Then we both saw they were marching up regularly to the attack and that they had decided upon taking the drawing room windows first hopping to capture the horses, of which the insurgents stood in I made out twenty of them and, had I been less in-

toxicated with danger and excitement, my hopes of escape would have sunk to despair. Knowing that this woman was by my side—that I Knowing that this woman was by my side—that I was to fight for her as well as for myself—every drop of blood in me bounded, every nerve was tense with something akin to a wild pleasure.

"You see," she said, "they are coming as if marching to take a redoubt. There are many of them. Before they reach here promise me one thing."

"Tell me," I said, extending my hand to her, and clasping close the barning fingers she gave

me.
"If there is no other way to prevent my falling into their hands, promise that you will kill me your-

did not hesuate an instant. Looking at the e before me, I could but say, promptly and forentry, "I promise " "Thanks! You have lifted a burden from my

soul !! We did not speak again for a long time, and then We did not speak again for a long time, and then I said only,
"We must shoot as many as we can as they reach
the windows below us, then trust to Providence to
enable us to maintain our door barrieaded. It's fast
boiled now, and it's a heavy door, for a wonder."
She bowed in acquiescence. Then two long minutes
passed. We had extinguished the candle and noiselessly unbarred the shutters, so that we could rethove them when the assailants were so near we
could not see them from our present position.
At the same instant both our shutters swung noiselessly back.

At the same instant both our shutters swang noiselessly back.

"Aim well! Fire!" I whispered.

We leaned out. In that awail moment I learned
that this woman was as good a suct as I was myself, and I was not causelessly vain or my skill as a
marksman.

We each of us held six-barrelled revolvers in our
hands, and we fired the twelve shots with such
raplithy that It might have been well thought there
were half a dozen of us at least.

"Cease firing!" I cried, in the sonorous government spanish that would go far toward deceiving
the robers into the belief that a party of soldiers
were sheltered beneath the roof. "Cease firing!
Lieutenant, take twenty of your men down to the
north wing of the house to guard the ammunition
there."

Fortunately for me the horses made a great clatter just after my command, and I hoped the noise might be taken for the movement of heavily boated men.

noise inight be faster of the mad disconcerted and to fine the mean. They feil back pell mell, and a howl of grouns and curses came up on the soft air. Even with the heavy aim we had been obliged to take, it was impossible but we should have hit several of them; but neither of us dared to look down to count the wounded or the dead. I think both of us felt more hopeful after that first round, and when we heard the fragmentary words from our egemies:—

our chemies:—
"Ten thousand curses! There's a regiment there!
St. Diego! We will pay them! At those windows! Fire "
That was a voice of authority. We had barely
time to fing ourselves prone upon the floor, when
the bullets hartled over our heads and went thad
into the walls.
The horses were fastened beyond the range of the
window, but they moved uneasily and neighed

Then an utter silence for awbile—a silence that

head and said:— 'a my face, and she shook

heve I can save but one and the yours, because yours is the more powerful."

"Yes,"

I heard the pathetic cadence in her voice; I knew how she loved her beautiful white mare, that she had tended with her own hands for many days.

There was no time for words now. I could not even express the anxiety for her safety that was devouring me. I might never see her again. I could not resist the temptation to take her hand and press it for one instant to my heavily throbbing heart. I felt as if I had known her long. It was not possible that I had not yet been with her twenty-

The blaze made a furd glare, that showed their swart faces plainly to me, while it left me in the shadow.

They were coming out, bausing to look back at the are. Still I could see that some of them kept a watchful eye about, as if fearing an attack.

Never had a man a better mark for his firing than I had then.

I heard—and praved God that she might be successful—I heard the sound of horses' feet, the other side the houss.

Would she reach that clump of heavy greenery a mile away to the south, where she was to await me?

Hopes and fears ran a wild gallop in my mind.
The men below had fancted they heard a sound also. Three of them turned toward that direction. Now was my time. Kneeding by the open window, I aimed at the two foremost ones, and discharged both my pistols at once. The two men fell, disabled, at least. As we had come at our first fire, so now, before a moment had passed to enable them to determine from whence came the shots, I fired all my barrels save one, reserving that for the extreme of danger.

Throwing myself flat again, I loaded my pisto's

higner now. A volley of shots came at my window; then a voice

shouted, in dreadful rage,
"Curse you! why do you waste your shots like
that? Let them roast! There's only two or three
there, at the most, Let's see them get out—that's

But I must fire at them while I could. When I made my final rush from the place, it would be well to have as few foes to struggle with as possible.

They were retreating last. I had but little chance to hit any, but I fired twice more, taking careful aim.

That was the thought most full of polgnant angulsh. Nox was aceter than any horse I had ever known.

'Ride! Fide!' I shoated, as well as my impeded breath would allow me.

I did not know whether she heard me or not. She could make no sign. It seemed only by a miracle that she had not been captured. Only Nox's wonderful strength and alertness could nave prevented the main is ider's superb horsemanship. Evidently the men dishiked to fire on her, for they were attempting to catch the brodle and unseat her. I thought I should gain her side. If only I also were on that horse's back I would dely them all.

An instant more, I was swinging my sword toward the man who had just made a clutea at the bridle, when a furbody given blow, from behind, made me stagger back, and my brain whirled with the blow.

I was conscious that the two men who were striving to catch Nox turned at the shout which my assistant had given, and sprung toward me, leaving Boaticea free for a moment.

Oh, why did she not ride for her life!

I knew that consciousness was leaving me, and I knew that I must struggle with all my strength to retain it.

Belore sight had left my eyes I saw a knife shining above me, and I heard the words attered vinderively:

"His life for all that he has taken!"

What else was there? In the fearful light, a pallid woman's face, with shining eyes, came to my vision. Was it lightning or the hash of a pistol? Was it the sound of firearms of the crash of thunder? or was It all of these?

Then darkness—nothing.

CHAPTER III.

off; faint fashes of lightning went gloom.

But life had not fally come back to me, before, like a sharp pain, came the thought:—

"Where is Boadicas?"

I moved my head singhtly, trying to look about me. In response to that movement a face bent down over mine and a voice asked, softly:—

"You are better? You are not burt badly?"

The thrill of ungovernable happmens that went

at glance.
Then I knew it was Boadicea who supported my ead. I tried to raise myself on my elbow, but my ead was too weak. Everything swam again. She had found the flask of brandy Don Miguel had ven me, and she held it to my lips. The few drops swallowed gave me strength. given me, and she held it to my lips. The few drops I swallowed gave me strength.

In a moment I was able to sit up unsupported, though I was not eager to leave the arm that had held me so gently, yet so strongly. Everything was strange. The night had grown lighter. I looked up, and saw that heavy clouds were drifting across the heavens, and low down was the yellow moon in a space of deep clue sky. I could not see the house. I saw no lurid light—I heard no crackling of burning timbers.

a space of deep olue sky. I could not see the house. I saw no lurid light—I heard no crackling of burning timbers.

"Tell me?" I murmured, at last, looking back to Boadlea, who had followed my giance.

"There is nothing to tell, only that it did rain—terrifically. None of those men noticed the coming of the tempest. It burst in fury at the very moment you fell. They were superstitious—and, in truth, it has been a fearful time! They fancied Heaven itself protected that house. We had wounded many. They fied suddenly, and left us alone—victors."

There was alience for a little time. I wasthinking of the face that had come to my sight as I had lost knowledge of all things.

"There was a knile raised above me," I said. "Why did it not descend?"

"I had the good luck to avert the stroke," she answered.

"At such a risk!" I exclaimed, leaning forward and clasping her hand.

An expression of pain went over her face as I touched that hand. An alarm I could not have felt for myself came to me, making my heart tremble and stop for an instant; and in that fear was something very sweet.

I let her hand fall. I rose to a sitting position and looked eagerly at her.

"You are hart! and for me!" I cried. "Oh, why did you not go when you could!"

"I am only hurt a little," she said. "Did you think I could desert a comrade? What an idea you must have of me!"

The light tone, the smile, did not wholly conceal the pain she was suffering. Vivid and rational ideas now came to me.

I rose to my feet, though my head was light and unsteady, for a moment, as I did so.

"Why did you not leave me and find shelter?" I cried, angrily. "It is suicide for you to have been sitting here in this dampness! Your clothes are wet! Let me take you away! We can surely find a shelter somewhere near."

She was leaning back against the tree, and in the moonlight I fancied I saw a painful languor on her face.

"The house may again receive us," she said, in a low voice. "You know the rain extinguished the

fire."
I looked about me. Now I saw that we were near the house—that Nox stood quietly, under the shel-ter of a tree, close by.
"Can you waik?" I asked, extending my hand to

mind and body was beginning to tell in the reaction, and I did not know how badly she was wounded.

We walked toward the house; it was but a little ways, for we had been under the nearest tree. We did not speak a word as we went. The wing of the mansion was a blackened ruin, but iortunately the main body had escaped; the drawing room was uninjured, and I knew that Boadicea's thoughts were upon her horse.

She raised her voice and spoke, and a low whinny answered her. The woman's face melted at that, and tears gathered and iell.

Neither of us spoke until we were within the house, and I had made her lie down on a couch in one of the rooms. I hunted for a match and candle, and at last found them.

Every moment but increased my alarm and anxiety. I must know how badly she was hurt. I kneit down by her side, as she lay there with her eyes haif closed. She looked at me and smiled deprecatingly.

"You see," she said, "that I am but a woman, after all, with woman's nerves, that will become unstrung. I confess that I feel at this moment on the very brink of hysteries."

"In consideration that you have saved my life," I said, "I believe I can pardon you if you yield."

"But I have no sat voiatile." she responded, with a slight motion of her left hand. "Do you not see that I am helpiess, senor;"
I cannot tell what a charm there was in that sort of desperale lightness of manner, which I knew concealed a pierong pain—a physical puln that was very hard to bear.

And I saw that she had told the truth—that if she yielded but one particle she would become hysterival.

rival.

"Your jests hurt me," I said. "Let me look at your arm. Now we have a light, I see that your steeve is drenched in blood—that it drips from your wrist. Let me see it."

"I spoke imperatively, and she extended her hand, saying—
"if you will bind it up tightly I think 'twill do

h onse-everything could not have been taken.
"Senora." I said, loudly, as if wakening one from
a sleep, "Senora, I beg you will tell me where I may
find some kind of clothing. "Twill save time if I
know where to look."
A gesture, pointing to the next room,
"All there is in there." she said.

somewhat confused to find that her eyes, wakeful and sane, were upon me.

"I must have broken the chain last might," she said, calmly, extending her hand.

I placed the locket in her hand and turned abruptly away, cursing myself for the wild rush of jealous feeling which came to my heart, overpowering everything else at that moment.

What an idiot she must think me! That thought helped to bring back my composure.

After a few moments! turned from the window at which I had been standing, and said;—

"I need not ask if you are better?"

She beckoned me to her, and when I stood by her couch, she extended her left hand—the only one she could now use—and while I took it in a grasp I strove to render indifferent, sho said:—

"Yes; I shall be well in a few hours—excepting my arm. But you—you have suffered all night. You have not slept—you have watched by me, Schor. It was wrong for you to do so. You needed rest; you have displeased me."

I was holding her hand; I was looking down into her eyes, that were hundle with languor; I feit the soft ingers tremble with weakness as they lay in my palm. What could I do? I was not stone, that could not feel. I was a man, who had awakened for the first time to ali the intoxicating subtleties of passion, and I was a man not used to having my will thwarted.

"I could not have slept had I had the most tempting of beds," I said. "You have been ill enough to make one more careless than I unhappy. I had no choice but to watch you."

"I hope I did not talk in my sleep," she said, with apparent carelessapes.

"If you did, your words were unintelligible," I re-

apparent carclessness.
"If you did, your words were unintelligible," I re-plied.
She looked so relieved that my suspicions grew

pillod.

Sae looked so relieved that my suspicious grew hereoly,

I had dropped her hand, unable to stay thus near her, and I now walked towards the door. With my hand on the latch, I turned and said:—

"Now that you are no longer in need of an attendant I will go. The horses have been whinnying pittfully for au hour."

I closed the door between us and went down and did what I could for the animals. I found some fodder, and gave it to them. I brought them pails of water, and I did it all without really knowing what I was doing. And yet I was not distinctly thinking of the girl up stairs. I was, as it were, possessed by her, and I tried in vain to shake off that feeling.

I was yet to learn that other men had felt her presence thus—that others had bowed with hopeless passion before that face—hearing that voice, so suggestive of its owner's power of ardent love, disciain all love.

Afterward I came to think that the very fact that she did not love, while face and voice and presence so hinted at the worldess sweetness and force of what her love would be when roused, that very fact was a greater charm than any beauty could have been.

A pure Cleopatra, with Cleopatra's capability of

heen.

A pure Cleopatra, with Cleopatra's capability of passionate devotion. Who should be her antony? Who had been her antony? Had she toved that man whose portrait she wore? Something there had been of deep unhappiness in her life—that much I felt

sure of.

Ail this I felt rather than thought, as I ministered to the comfort of the animals which were to take us on our perilous journey.

When I saw that they were quietly feeding I threw myself on the floor near where they stood, and the terrible scenes through which I had just been made exhaustion come with overpowering touch upon me

been made exhauston come with overpowers, touch upon me.

With my head on my arm I instantly fell asleep. How long I had been asleep I do not know, but I was awakened by a violent movement of one of the horses.

I started up and gazed confusedly around me, not knowing at first where I was. What had happened? The first rays of the rising sun were shining on the

I started up and gaze content and have knowing at first where I was. What had happened? The first rays of the rising sun were shining on the rain-wet trees that stood within view of the low windows. I had not slept long, then.

I was sitting on the fleor, looking vaguely about me, and feeling stoff and uncomfortable, for the morning air was chilly. I made a motion to rise to my feet, when I found that my ankles were fast tied together. ny feet, when I found that my ankles were fast tied together.

"What in the devil is this?" I exclaimed aloud, and I staggered to my feet, my first thought of

Was that a tangible form in the far, dim corner of the great apartment? Had I awakened in time to prevent some hideous crime? Apparently I had awakened in time to prevent my hands from being pinloned, as my feet were already. In the next moment I had recovered sufficient presence of mind to draw my knife from my pocket and to sever the cord that held my feet to-getter.

with my sword in my hand I went quickly to-ward the dark object. It seemed an inanimate, strange object, that had no resemblance to hu-manity.

"Mercy, señor! mercy!" it cried as I came near.
The voice was shrill and disagreeable.
I did not know what to do. While I was stand-ing irresolute the thing said, in its quavering tones:-

I did not know what to do. While I was standing irresolute the thing said, in its quavering tones:—

"The Señora Boadicea! Where is she? What internal luck has made you two pass the night here?"

I was startled out of all composure. It should not speak her name; it should not inslinuate vilely. What glimpse of a miserable mystery had I touched upon?

I sprang forward and seized the thing, jerking it violently forward into the daylight. Then I started back with an exclamation of horror, for the face and form before me made me shudder with such a profound repurmance that I could not think to control its expression. And those loathsome tips had spoken Boadicea's name: that being evidently knew more of her than I did myself.

"What in the name of Satan are you?" I cried, letting go my hold and involuntarily shaking my hand as if it had been solied by the touch.

The continuation of this deeply interesting story will be found in Saturday Night, No. 32, Vol. VIII., which is now ready and for sale by newsdealers everywhere. Those who have no access to newsdealers can have Saturday Night, mailed to their address for four months by sending one dollar to Davis & Elverson, publishers and proprietors of Saturday Night, Philadelphia, Pa.

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YOUNG LADIES, BEWARETOF THE INJURIOUS EF

fects of entantle and purative containing mercury, caloned end other detections drugs, in a shot time they energy at an adventuring mercury, in a shot time they somewhat and destroy the system as well as the completion. If you would have a fresh, heating and youthful appearance us BLLMBOLD'S CATAWES OF TRACT SARSAL'ARILLA see High BOLD'S CATAWES OF TRACT SARSAL'ARILLA SEE TRACT SARSAL'ARILLA

Bied.

Requa.—At Westport, Conn., on Monday, April 17. Sakan Dr. Noverles, whow of Jacob Requa, aged 67, of Tarrytown.

The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the fameral, from the Asbury Authorist Episcopal church, Tarrytown, on Wednesday after acon, as one o'clock.

[For other Deaths see Elecenth Page.]

THE CLIFF STREET ARSON CASE.

Fire Marshal Yesterday-Mr. Navy Re-

upon each occasion it was secure and bore no traces of having been in any way tampered with.

he books.

Ann Morresy, a domestic in Mr. Navy's employ, testified that that gentleman came home on the night in question between seven and eight o'clock, and remained indoors the remainder of the night.

business.
Under the circumstances as above stated the Fire
Marshal felt himself justified in releasing Mr. Navy,
which he did at haif-past five o'clock last evening.

Tuesday for Plymouth and Hamburg.

The mails for Europe will close at the Post Office at half-past eleven o'clock A. M. THE NEW YORK HERALD-Edition for Europewill be ready at half-past nine o'clock in the

THE STRANGE BEAUTY: OR,

"Yes. Will you conduct me to her?"
She simled and extended her hand.
"I suppose I must be speaking to Armand Vershoyle. I present him to Don Mignel's niece, Eog-

piace."
"It is nearly three weeks since the family left. I have walted patiently, but I resolved to try my fortuneatone to-morrow."
I shaddered as I thought of her alone in the roads infested by so many reckless men.
"Who is with you here?"
"No one."

matter?"

I followed the glance of her eyes, and saw that Noz. who had a moment before been standing with drosplay, tired head, now had neck creeted and was looking about with dilated eyes, while he snuffed the air sushiotosis.

The girl drew me into the house. She opened whee the door, and said, as we stood within:—

"Lead your horse to here. The stables are burned—if they were not, your horse would probably be stoten there."

"Lead your horse in tere. The stables are officed—
if they were not, your horse would probably se stolen
there."

She spoke rapidly and in a low tone. I had seen
or heara nothing, and I did not believe there was
need for aiarm. But I did as the bade. Nox stepped
gravely and carefully within the door, and I swung
it back, and Boadlees locked and bolted it. She modoned me to follow with my horse. As we approached the long, airy drawing room I heard a
horse neigh lowly. I looked at my companion in
surprise; but she did not speak, and the next mante
we stood in the room, now flooded with the after glow
from the departed sun. In one corner stood a snowwhite mare, whose deletate head was extended
toward us, as if wondering at the fatrusion.

"I could not have endured the loss of my mare,"
said Boadleea; "and when I was left alone I took
her into tac house with pie. It was on her back that
I should have autempted alone the journey we shall
now try together."

Togesher: I was foolish enough to be grateful and
grat or that careless parase.

The an utter silence for awhile—a silence that gard of that carciess parase.

I had opened my lips to reply, when, upon the still warm air, came the sound of a song, coanted lustily by a chorus of rough voices.

We tooked at each other. In that first moment I was conscious of but one feeling—that of exultation that I had this woman to protect.

"Perhaps they are soldiers," I said.

"Yes; but they are soldiers of the island, and they have every spanard—and with reason."

I looked about the room. The wooden shutters

years of wrong. Do you expect them to leave us now?"

Heavily the printes still went on. At last something happer ed. I was leaning my head on my hand, after a prolonged look out of doors, when I felt a sof, hand on my arm, and fragrant, panting breath "Mept my cheek.

"It as a leared," whispered the girl. "What she, awe us now?"
I glanced out of the window—it was still quiet. I socked inquiringly at her.
"I see nothing." I said.
Her hand tightened its clasp.
"I can smell the smoke!" she said. "They have set the house on fire! The sky is cloudless. There will be no rain this time!"

A STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.

I cannot describe the horror that came over me at her words. I had thought to fight until we died—died in the battle—but this was too dreadful.

"They are not men; they are beasts!" I cried.

"Surely they would not burn us alive!"

The fumes of the smoke now came strongly on the air. The horses raised their heads and snuffed suspiciously.

air. The horses raised their heads and snuffed suspiciously.

"Stay here a moment!" I exclaimed. "I must go and reconnoitre."

She looked as if she would gladly have gone with me; but she said nothing, and I went down the stairs and through the house to the place whence came the smell of burning wood.

They had entered the house and built a fire in the room to the let of the drawing room. I crept forward and peeped through a crack in the dismanded wall that separated the rooms frrom each other. A hope had entered my mind—a hope that, if well founded, might lead to safety.

Were they all there? Had they left the other parts of the house unguarded?

There were a dozen of them, at least, clustering near the door, prepared to go when the flames had surely begun their work.

"No shower this time!" I heard one say, with a flerce oath. "The old place can burn, after all!"

"Yes! and every rat of a Spaniard there is in it!"

I did not stay to hear more; I ran back as silently and swiftly as I had come. I knew of but one way.

Panting, I reached the room where I had left Boadicea.

"I am going to attack them!" I said boidly. "They

dicea.
"I am going to attack them!" I said boldly. "The have no idea how many we are. While I take up "I am going to attack them!" I said boldly. "They have no idea how many we are. While I take up their attention you must get the horses down and out the drawing room window. I am quite sure that every one who is not disabled is at the other side of the house. They are not regulars, you see. They have no idea but to plunder, or they would not have left any place unguarded."

I turned to go down. She came to my side and her voice was slightly tremulous as she said:

"But yon—you will be in great danger!"
"Do I care for that?" I exclaimed, impetnously.
"If I only knew that you were not in danger! But your work is as perlious as mine. Can you do it?"
"I can try," she said, firmly. "But I do not believe I can save but one horse. In that case it must be yours, because yours is the more powerful."

Yea."

ere.
But I did not stay there. The fire was increasing

But I did not stay there. The fire was increasing so in volume that the men were preparing to leave. They had stayed to see that it begun well, that it could not be easily extinguished.

Up stairs I went again, and this time I ran through two large chambers that were over the wing that had been set on fire. My blood seemed on fire in my veins. I longed to kill. I would have destroyed them all and gloated over the destruction.

My two revolvers were loaded again. With one in each hand I leaned out of the window, which commanded a full view of door and windows through which they must make their exit.

The blaze made a lurid glare, that showed their swart faces plainly to me, while it left me in the shadow.

danger.

Throwing myself flat again, I loaded my pisto's as quick as I could.

Cries of surprise and pain mingled with the crack-ling of the flames, that were growing dangerously

By this time I knew that Beadleea must have left the building, and I was tolerably certain that all the maranders were this side. I breathed freer, though my position if I could have thought seriously of it, was getting almost appeiess.

They had determined to keep me in the burning

They were retreating last. I had out little chance to hit any, but I fired twice more, taking careful aim.

It was too far! the tide of our success had turned. A deflant laugh was all that answered me. And yet we must have woande! many of them, for, as nearly as I could count, there seemed but seven who fell back to watch the flames and to be out of my range. But some might have found Bondicea. The thought was absolute torture to me. But I had heard no shot. She would not have surrendered without a struggle, and unless she had fired at the very moment of my aring! I should have heard the report.

Such a conclusion had just come to me when, softened by a short distance, but unmistakable and clear, came the sound of her pistol. I knew the sound from that of the other pieces.

I wated for nothing. I only knew that she was attacked—that she was alone, and against so many.

But I still had a little sense of caulton left in my mind. I knew that they were waiting for the inmates of the burning house to try to escape—that they meant we should but fly from one death to another. Thus the side of the bulling that was in flames was the least guarded. If I could but boldly dash through and make a detour to where I hope at the meet Boylicea!

I went down to the lower floor. Instantly I saw it was useless to try such a thing. The leaping flames would have felled me senseless in a moment. Again a shot. I was maddened. I sped on, and in the next instant a shout of denonine victory told me that I had been seen. The balls fell abod, me. Why was I not hit? I ran, with all the speed I possessed, straight on toward where, in the flame light, I say a women on a horse, that curveted and wheeled benesth its rider's skultul hand.

'On, Go4! why does she not ride away:"

That was the thought most full of polgnant anguish. Nox was fleeter than any horse I had ever known.

'Ridet ride?' I shooted, as well as my impeded

How long after I knew not; but when vision and life came to me I saw the dense green of a broad-leaved tree above me, I feit the fleavy pattering of the rain upon me.

I was alive, then! How quiet everything was! But the distant muttering of thus her sounded far off; faint flashes of lightning went athwart the gloom.

face. "The house may again receive us," she said, in a low voice. "You know the rain extinguished the fire."

her.
She did not reply, save by taking my hand and rising. Evidently the strain that had been upon mind and body was beginning to tell in the reaction, and I did not know how badly she was

saying—"if you will bind it up tightly I think 'twill do very weil."

With my karfe I cut open the chinging sleeve. The white, beautiful arm, so stained with blood, rested on my hand. Just above the chow I saw where the bullet had been—clear through the flesh and out again, leaving an ugly hole. But I was glad the builet was out. If it had not been that she was so wet and chilled, I should not have feared the fever that I did fear it now, with an intensity of alarm that i scrove in vain to suppress, and which made me tremble as I carefully and tightly bound up the wound.

She was lying back, with her eyes closed, and she seemed as it yielding to a kind of stupor, and every few minutes she shivered, as if with unconquerable cold.

There must be some kind of clothing left in the h ouse—everything could not have been taken.

A gesture, pointing to the next room.

"All there is is in there," she said.

The next minute I was rummaging among a plie of cast of ciothes, lying in a corner in the next room.

I brought an armful, and put them down by her.

"I command you to put some of these on immediately," I said. "I fear more for your wet dress than your wound."

She roused herself, as if to obey, and, as I was leaving the room she said:—

"And your You must do the same."

"Yes."

I left her, and succeeded in finding a pair of wide, white trousers, and a gay colored vest that must have belonged to a servant. Coat I could not find, and I wrapped myself in a shawl. In spite of the warmth of the hight, I was cally, and felt a nervous incimation to saiver, not merely room the cold.

Half an hour later I knocked at Boadicen's door. No answer came, and I ventured to open the door. She had taken off her wet dress, and was lying wrapped up closely, her head turned from me.

Thinking she was asleep, I advanced silently, thinking I would sit down and watch there, knowing that I could not sleep anywhere.

She stirred uneasily, and spoke with a plercing entreaty:—

"Do not use your power! Be generous! You wish

entreaty:"Do not use your power! Be generous! You wish "Do not use your power! Be generous! You wish me to love you, do you,"

She moaned piteously as she ceased speaking. I could not help it—I knew that her words or her life were nothing to me—but it seemed as if a sharp sword had suddenly pierced me.

I stood still a moanent, undedded whether to go or stay. How well I remembered those words in the after time, when something of their meaning was plain to me.

Well was it for both of us that we did not know what awaited us. Could we have foreseen all the agony unutterable, should we have trod on in the path we had entered?

I was turning to go out, thinking I would sit.

path we had entered?

I was turning to go one, thinking I would sit down in the next room, when she moved, turned her face toward me, and smiled as she saw my strange costame.

'I must have been asleep," she said, as I bent over her her. "Is there a norther blowing? It is fearfully cold;"

She shavered convulsively as she spoke. I piled all the heterogeneous clothes I could find upon her. "It is a suitry night," I said "but you have taken cold." all the heterogeneous clothes I could the upon her.

"It is a sairly night," I said "out you have taken cold."

I touched her head. It was burning and throbing. Her large and dilated eyes met mine, and in them was such an unconsciously appealing look that I felt my face suddealy flush, my tips tremble with something more than mere sympathy.

Did she guess the power she had over me? the force as strong as it was su iden?

The helpless languor that was now upon her appealed dangerously to me. Could I be cold with this woman who had just saved my life at the risk of her own, and whose face and presence gave me henceforth a different idea of alignoment? I had believed them shallow and affected—animated only by vanity or a desire of conquest. Now—weil, there could be no woman like this woman.

I took her hand and put my fingers on her wrist. The hand was ley, but the pulse bounded furiously. How helpless I was! What could I do?

Nothing but watch and wait, which is hardest of all for youth—so terribly hard when lilness strides on so rabilly.

I took some towels and went into another part of the house, where I at last found some water. Then I kept wet cloths upon her forehead, and she would fall into fittul slumber, waking suddenly and looking wildly about her.

In vain I longed for some one to help her—for the medicines, the comforts she might have had in another place. I did not dare to leave her. It was many miles to any town. There was nothing to do but the little I was doing, I did not dare to give her brandy; it would so merease the lever.

When the night had turned—when the early gray of morning came faintly into the ever.

When the night had turned—when the early gray of morning came faintly into the siter sky—i noticed that she slept more soundly—that her breathing came softly, and a slight moisture gathered on her face. I was physican enough to know that she slept more soundly—that her preathing and it fell-to the floor, opening as it fell.

I stooped and took it in my hand, looking at the minature limt was

is fastoning, and it ich to the floor, opening as it fell.

I stooped and took it in my hand, looking at the minature link was so disclosed. As I looked a duan of impetatous and angry blood rose to my face. I felt that my eyes burned with the flery thoughts that thronged contisedly to me.

Yet, why should see not wear any man's face thus pictured? For it was a man's face—hand-some, dark, haughty—but to my eyes there seemed a look of bardness and treachery there. But I could hardly be an unbiased judge.

I raised my giance from the minature, and was